

ILLUSTRATORS, ILLUSTRATED BY THEMSELVES

Artists Who Act and Actors Who Draw; in Other Words,
Their Annual Show, with Autograph Portraits of the Cast

OF THE four plays produced by the Society of Illustrators for their annual smoker at the Garden Theatre last Friday evening one, "Artist Jackyl and Mister Snide," was a burlesque of that type of successful artist who also engages in building operations. In recent years artists have erected some large studio buildings, and have promoted artist colonies. It is this practical commercial side of the artist that has been burlesqued by the authors, Fred E. Dayton and Robert J. Wildhack.

The stage scene, designed by John E. Sheridan and Edward A. Poucher, showed a dual scene, of studio on the left and business office on the right. The central character of Jackyl and Snide was a quiet, self-effacing artist in the studio and a noisy, smart business man in the office, making simple changes of costume and make-up as he appeared in the studio and office.

As a piece of playwrighting this was perhaps the Illustrators' most ambitious undertaking. The contention was that of two women for one man, for the model in the studio was ever entreating her hero to give all of his time to painting, while the stenographer in the business office was quite as eloquent in her appeals for the business man to devote all of his energies to business affairs.

Into the office came artists to invest their fortunes in real estate operations, and into the studio came business men to invest their surplus moneys in pictures. The whole story moved along to prove that the artist fails as a business man, while he succeeds as a painter, which is the kind of moral that a play for artists should teach.

While the large burlesque idea was that of the artist-realty speculator, there were sub-plot burlesques, as the picture buyers who purchase pictures because they anticipate that the pictures will be worth large sums when the painter is dead, while another burlesque theme was that of the artist who accelerates his own fame by indorsing a brand of smoking tobacco and has his testimonial reproduced in all the newspapers, weeklies, magazines, and billboards.

Not a comma had been permitted to intrude itself if it did not advance the plot, and there were no funny lines as lines, which is the common weakness of amateur playwrights. There were, however, situations which brought genuine laughs. The play was a polite comedy of ridicule, and the specially selected audience was quick to see all the hits upon its artist friends.

Wallace Morgan played the big part of Artist Jackyl and Mister Snide; Dotty Fitch, who was also seen in the Dutch Treat review, was the stenographer who had no tolerance for art, and Miss Sharp the little model who appreciated the painter and inspired his success.

The three artists who came into the business office to purchase real estate and make investments, Windsor Newton, Van Dyck Brown and Bourgeois White, were played by David Robinson, Arthur William Brown and Albert Levering. The three business men who came to the studio to buy pictures were played by Gordon Grant, A. Popini and Henry G. Bryant, while John Hancock, a celebrity sharpshooter, was played by August Huta. Rea Irvin, the illustrator, and who formerly was an actor, cast the piece and made the production.

Windsor Newton, artist, calls upon Mr. Snide, the builder, and says: "About that new studio proposition of yours. I have a little idle money. I might be interested."

Snide—Big opportunity, Mr. Newton. North light studios in the rear—that's where the artists have shown building operators a new trick—living room suites in front, with southern exposure, electric dumb-waiters to the basement grill, servants' quarters on the roof—you know the kind Martin Justice would plan for himself.

Newton—Yes, I know. Putting a crimp into the tenement house laws.

Snide—Were you looking for a suite for yourself?



GORDON GRANT
AS GENERAL MOTOR
OF DETROIT.



DAVID ROBINSON AS "VAN DYCK BROWN."



WALLACE MORGAN
AS "ARTIST JACKYL."



ROBERT
J. WILDHACK
CO-AUTHOR
PORTRAIT CARTOON
BY LEO
HILZNER



MISS DOTTY FITCH
AS
"BLANCHE KEYS"

MR. ARTHUR
WILLIAM BROWN
AS
"BURGEOIS WHITE."



FRED E.
DAYTON
CO-AUTHOR
PORTRAIT CARTOON
BY LEO
HILZNER



REA IRVIN
THE STAGE
DIRECTOR



ALBERT LEVERING
AS
"WINDSOR NEWTON"



AUGUST
WILLIAM
HUTA
AS "JOHN
HANCOCK"



A. POPINI AS
"MAXIM GUNN."

MISS
MADELINE
SMITH
AS
"CURVES
CARROLL THE
ARTIST'S
MODEL"
DRAWN BY
WALLACE MORGAN



I suppose you do have to plant a few artist decoys on the property. Do you recall the Velasquez Rococo? I was in that one.

Snide—And you still want to invest? That is complimentary. How much would you come in for?

Newton—I could scrape together a hundred thousand by hocking my contracts.

Snide—Sign on the dotted line.

Newton—So—it's all settled.

Snide—No, you settle now.

Newton—Well, that's done.

Snide—My lawyers will draw the papers. The stock isn't issued yet, so it will be if, as, and when issued.

Newton—What are you going to call the company?

Snide (Laconically)—Snide Securities.

Newton—And I suppose you'll name the building after a celebrated painter?

Snide—No, I propose to give it my own name, "The Snide Studios."

Newton—That's frank, but reminiscent.

One of the picture buyers is Maxim Gunn, whose introductory speech is: "Mr. Jackyl, I've seen a picture of yours I admire very much, 'Monotony at Lyme.' Beautiful. If I could find another breathing the same spirit!"

The artist here shows what a poor merchant he is when selling his own pictures. "That thing! Pretty rotten stuff—I'm sorry you saw it. I haven't got a thing worth showing!"

Then Van Dyck Brown comes into the business office. "I've called to see Mr. Snide about his seashore property." The stenographer follows the lead: "Miasma-by-the-Sea. I'll tell Mr. Snide you're here." Artist Brown applauds the efforts made to bring congenial spirits of the art world together in a summer colony, but he gets all fussed up when the real estate operator unfolds the plan of selling.

Snide—For how many units did you wish to subscribe?

Brown—Units, units?—what do you mean by units?

Snide—With each ten thousand dollars' worth of stock the subscriber receives a unit consisting of two thousand cubic feet of space.

Brown—Space—cubic feet?

Snide—Yes, a studio ten by twenty by ten foot ceiling.

Brown—Then I will own forever a studio unit for ten thousand dollars?

Snide—Yes. Between your studio and the elevator are six and a half additional units comprising living room, dining room, clothes closet, broom closet, one master's sleeping room, with bath, and a private reception hall entrance, which may also be used as an exit.

Brown—And all this comes with the studio?

Snide—Oh, yes. The plans show no studios without apartments. So, for seventy-five thousand dollars you get seven and a half units, fourteen thousand five hundred cubic feet of space—in perpetuity.

Brown—But—seventy-five thousand dollars—perhaps fewer rooms—

Snide—You are fortunate, Mr. Brown. This is the last of the smaller apartments. There isn't a chandelier on the premises—all wall candelabra, with baseboard plugs. Membership in the croquet and boat clubs goes with each ten units, and there is an aeroplane landing on the tennis courts.

It is here that Snide begins to get cold feet on the proposition. He only takes \$2,500 as an advance payment, and this horrifies the stenographer, who listens in. When Brown has left she upbraids Snide. "What's the big idea?" she asks. "The least you ever took was ten thousand dollars, and you let this simp buy his way out of the office for twenty-five hundred."

Snide—I'm sore on the game. It's too easy. There's excitement in putting over stuff when it's hard to sell, even if it is bunk.

The stenographer here tries to bring Snide back as a business man, and pictures living at Miasma. Snide says: "I could never live there. You wouldn't be happy with me at Miasma—or, anywhere else. Business is a battle that needs hard, flinty men to win. I thought I could be like that, but I can't, and you wouldn't understand the things that mean so much to me."

While Blanche Keys, stenographer, replies: "Then the other life, that other woman has got you, and you have such promise. I will save you from yourself."

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